

New Republic

Taft's Miracle Healer

A Boss Saves A Candidate

How Mobilization Misfired

The Story of Charles E. Wilson

Loyalty Probes:

Gravediggers of Freedom

Essays and Reviews by:

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Kimon Friar APR 10 1952

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Johnson City, N.Y.

Letters

Clarence S. Darrow

● "There is always one man to state the case for freedom."

This was the comment of Clarence Seward Darrow when a single justice of the United States Supreme Court ruled against the kidnapping of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone in 1906.

Before Darrow died in 1938, he was to repeat this observation many times on hearing of a lone dissent in favor of freedom. In addition, the famed attorney for the defense, who was born 95 years ago, April 18, was himself a lone dissenter.

The years have given Darrow's life more "respectability," but were he alive today, in this era of the atom bomb and McCarthyism, he would again be decried as a "bolshhevik," a "dangerous risk." Nevertheless he would again speak up for freedom; he would again defend the right of the individual to express his views, freely and without fear.

Darrow defended "any minority at the whipping post or the subject of temporary hysteria." In his long career, he was identified with many cases involving social issues. He was chief counsel for the anthracite miners on a commission appointed by Theodore Roosevelt in the coal-strike arbitration at Scranton. He defended Eugene Debs against "conspiracy" charges in 1894 as a result of the big Pullman strike. He was the attorney for Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone when these Western Federation of Miners officials were indicted for the murder of Frank Steunenberg, ex-governor of Idaho, in 1906. He defended the McNamara's in the Los Angeles Times bomb plot.

In the Scopes "Monkey trial" at Dayton, Tenn., in 1925, he debated with William Jennings Bryan on whether evolution should be taught in the Tennessee public schools. As attorney for Leopold and Loeb he persuaded Judge Caverly to rule against capital punishment. Before entering the Massie case in Honolulu in 1932, he made it clear that "this would not be a question of race, but of causes and motives."

All these were "unpopular" causes in their times, and to stand on principle in their defense meant incurring the wrath and overt disapproval of the majority. Yet, all had their rights before the court and Darrow was the "attorney for the defense."

This was Clarence Darrow—unorthodox.

It is not in the accepted courtroom tradition for an attorney defending boys charged with murder to state that he is

not only pleading for the defendants but for the infinite number of others to follow. But that is exactly what Darrow told Judge Caverly in defending Leopold and Loeb:

I am not pleading so much for these boys as I am for the infinite number of others to follow, those who perhaps cannot be as well defended as these boys have been, those who may go down in the tempest without aid. It is of them I am thinking and for them I am begging of this court not to turn backward to the barbarous and cruel past.

History repeats itself and the Cicero riots last year are not much different from the Sweet case in Detroit, 26 years ago, in which Dr. Ossian Sweet, a Negro, had moved into a white neighborhood and violence resulted. Dr. Sweet with some of his family and friends defended his home. When the mob charged, shots were fired from the house. One man was killed and another wounded. Dr. Sweet and 10 others who had been in the house were indicted for the killing.

Darrow's summation to the jury was a plea for humanity.

"I do not believe in the law of hate," said Darrow. "I may not be true to my ideals always, but I believe in the law of love, and I believe you can do nothing with hatred. I would like to see a time when a man loves his fellowman and forgets his color or his creed. We will never be civilized until that time comes. I know the Negro race has a long road to go. I believe the life of the Negro race has been a life of tragedy, of injustice, of oppression. The law has made him equal, but man has not. And, after all, the last analysis is, what has man done and not what has the law done?"

When Darrow died on March 13, 1938, Judge Holly said at his funeral: "He made the way easier for many. He preached not doctrines, but love and pity, the only virtues that can make this world any better . . . his great abilities were given freely to the cause of human liberty and for the succor of the weak and the unfortunate."

It was, indeed, a fitting epitaph to the close of the "unorthodox" life of the "attorney for the defense."

CHICAGO, Ill. ARTHUR WEINBERG

Better and Better

● Having for years enjoyed the *New Republic*, I have of late admired it more than ever. I miss Ickes sadly, but T.R.B. remains and may he long remain! "Consecrated Tory—Robert A. Taft" is a masterpiece. But surpassing all else was "Reflections on the Troubles of Newbold Morris" with the magnificent quotations from Jefferson and Madison.

BROOKLINE, Mass. JOHN F. MOORSE

Reparations from Japan

● . . . I must dissent strongly from your article (on Japan) "An End to Vengeance" (NR, Aug. 13). . . .

An end to vengeance, indeed! Pray, when did vengeance start? As far as I can see, since the surrender Japan has been chiefly employed in receiving hand-outs from the USA and utilizing them for her benefit. Do you know that the Hong Kong cotton-textile industry is being ruined by the glutting of Indonesia, Thailand, Malaya and Australia by Japanese piece goods so that according to the Hong Kong *Standard* of December 10 last, thousands of local workers have already been forced into unemployment? Or that the same unpunished Japan recently indulged in such luxuries as a memorial hall costing over \$300,000 in memory of MacArthur.

Quite simply we in Hong Kong, and the Filipinos and Indonesians likewise want not vengeance but amends; the two are not to be confused, as the writer of the article blandly implies they are. Nor is it true to say that any reparations from Japan would ultimately be paid by the United States. We might as well contend that the ill-meant efforts of the US are driving our cotton manufacturers into

(Continued on page 4)

Bandwagon

Bloom, Little Tulips

The White House bulbs and 5,000 more planted at the Dutch Embassy were sent over in anticipation of the queen's visit, Mme. van Roijen said. She reported that National Capital Parks horticulturists have mulled over the possibility of heating the flower beds or otherwise forcing the blooms for her majesty's pleasure. — *From the Washington Daily News.*

Considered Judgment

Van Johnson didn't come home to dinner one evening last week, and the next day the old rumors were flying. But if I know Evie—and I don't too well—this marriage will last. — *From Sheilah Graham's "Hollywood Diary" in the Washington Evening Star.*

Public-Relations Tip

If you drive a Cadillac, please keep any and all medical insignia out of sight. — *From the Los Angeles County Medical Bulletin.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; \$2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — The Editors.

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WASHINGTON WIRE

EISENHOWER will return, take off his uniform and start campaigning sometime next month. Campaign Manager Lodge flew over to Paris to help draft Ike's letter of resignation. It should reach Defense Secretary Lovett this Saturday (April 12) to take effect about a month later. Truman won't object. There will be gentlemanly felicitations for a job well done—then battle.

Here is a concrete example of the kind of thing Ike, the candidate, faces as contrasted to Ike, the hero. It is the kind of tough decision he must start making the minute he steps off his pedestal.



The Senate last week voted, 50 to 35, to turn the \$40 billion off-shore oil reserve over to the three adjacent states, California, Louisiana and Texas, for frenzied exploitation rather than to earmark the resources for improvement of grade, high and advanced education. The Senate majority moved to rescind the Supreme Court decisions that this oil belongs to all the people (including boys and girls who need better schools and can't get them) and followed instead the old states' rights will-of-the-wisp. Well, Truman will veto this bill. He vetoed a similar bill once before. Congress can't get the two-thirds majority to override his veto. Support for the Hill-O'Mahoney alternative to use funds for federal education after generous benefits to the three affected states is growing rapidly. As long as Truman is President this state grab can't win. Now comes the point: What if Ike sits in the White House? Would he veto such a bill? He is a fine gentleman with a good record on international affairs but his past comment on domestic issues puts him a bit to the right of Taft. Senators Lodge, Duff and Ives (all Ike supporters) favored the states' rights grab. Probably Ike would too. A lot of genteel people say it makes no difference which party sits in the White House. Well—here is one difference.

One thing Lodge is doing in Paris is brushing up Ike on domestic issues. When the Candidate returns he has to know where he stands. From protracted experience with candidates' utterances we find they bear marked family resemblances. Particularly in the pre-convention phase they run to high-level generalities. In self-protection the candidates work out yes-and-no formulas for the poisoned questions reporters hurl at them. Differences between candidates tend to be blunted as they will be in the forthcoming party platforms. Eisenhower whose mind has been preoccupied with uniting Europe now has to emerge in the United States with pat answers to all the domestic problems of which he knows little or nothing. He is getting a fill-in on what he thinks.

Recapitulation of Candidates: Republicans—Ike: experts' favorite, but still under wraps. Taft: back on track after Wisconsin and Nebraska; has the dummy GOP delegates from the South. Stassen: all but washed out; where do his funds come from? Warren: dark horse liberal; Wisconsin showed he has real national strength. MacA: belongs with the freaks rather than in the main tent.

Democrats—Truman: aided his party by his withdrawal; he is out for good. Stevenson: non-radical liberal; the faster the nomination chases him the harder he runs away. Kefauver: nobody for him but the voters; the party bosses' opposition is his biggest asset. Russell: not a candidate but a geographical filibuster; a logical vice-president. Kerr: the oil multi-millionaire; we can't take him seriously. Barkley: also belongs outside the main tent.

The Truman-Newbold Morris McGrath row is so hideous that it is almost funny. It shows the kind of preposterous farce Truman can create if he really puts his mind to it. It is the kind

of episode history may pass over gently in view of Truman's achievements in international affairs. McGrath was a terrible Attorney General and should have been fired months ago or, better still, never appointed. Morris was temperamentally unfit for the brutal kind of hazing Congress reserves for anybody trying to clean up Washington. Truman made Morris McGrath's subordinate and then started Morris investigating his boss! Trying to get some perspective on the whole blood-curdling affair, it seems to us that it shows how Truman manages to fall down on the relatively easy things, while doing the tough ones quite creditably. Truman was six months late sensing that the corruption issue was one he had to meet. A few simple moves at first could have headed off all his problems. The mediocrities with whom Truman surrounds himself on domestic politics dared not tell him, and Truman could not sense it himself.

Notes: Truman's withdrawal hurts Taft most; Taft keyed his whole campaign on the assumption that Truman would run. . . . The McCarran Subcommittee is now pursuing Mrs. Owen Lattimore. . . . Woodrow Wilson Sayre, 33, grandson of president and now philosophy professor, is running for Congress as Democrat from 25th California district: good luck! . . . GOP Senators Mundt, Nixon and McCarthy threw away the Newbold Morris issue for the Republicans when they fought Morris' subpoena powers; he would now be a priceless asset and party hero if only the myopic Republicans hadn't thought it smarter to attack any Administration clean-up move. . . . The economy drive in Congress may knock off MacArthur's three uniformed aides. . . . The Humphrey bill to make all ex-presidents salaried Senators without a vote is winning support now that Hoover would be matched by Truman. . . . The strongest argument for the steel workers is the big profits the steel companies are making. It looks as though the government must buy peace by granting the companies a bigger price increase than is needed to compensate them for the wage increase. *Washington* T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

bankruptcy and threatening country after country with dumped goods produced "in accordance with equitable cost considerations based on the national cultural standard" as the spokesman of the Shin Nippon Steamship Co. stated the other day. *Hong Kong* G. S. KENNEDY-SKIPTON

The 1952 Campaign

● The comment is widely made that the successes of Eisenhower and Kefauver in the primaries indicate that the public favors new faces in public office. There is another influence that is equally significant. "Ike" and Kefauver are notably moderate in public utterance. Neither breaks out in rabid denunciation à la McCarthy and General MacArthur. The denouncers have been screaming their loudest for at least two years. They assume that the public is aroused to anger. These primaries tend to indicate that the public is not in love with apostles of bitterness.

In part this is a reply to T.R.B., who says that an Ike landslide would re-elect a batch of the worst isolationist Republican Senators we have had since Harding. Granted, that it would help them somewhat. But there are a number of states, particularly our Western states, where the people vote one way for President, and the contrary way for Governor and Senator. The local signs are that Cain, Ecton and Kem can be beaten in spite of a landslide, that Jenner and Malone are in real danger, that Bricker and McCarthy are far from safe in that eventuality. The American people are using their heads this year, as they did in 1948. . . . *Spokane, Wash.* BENJAMIN H. KIZER

From a Converted Liberal

● Keep up the fine work in presenting the liberal viewpoint to America. I have been acquainted with the *NR* for only a little more than a year, but I credit it with my conversion from an arch-conservative Nebraska Republican to a liberal California Republican. . . .

Here's hoping a year from now we'll have seen liberalism win over those who oppose it, and that goes for the senior Senator from my adopted state, William F. Know (?) land.

San Mateo, Calif.

ED WEISENREDER

A Catholic Protests

● I am surprised that the *New Republic* hasn't placed Paul Blanshard's books and opinions and those sympathetic to them where they belong—with those of de Gaulle, H. S. Chamberlain, Lothrop Stoddard, Hitler and the infamous Protocols of the Elders of Zion. I am very suspicious of this group of anti-Catholics who claim to see all sorts of threats to

the American way of life and American freedoms from the Catholic Church even though no responsible American leader from Washington through Hamilton, Jefferson, Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Roosevelt and all the rest has seen them.

And, as a Catholic, two aspects of this so-called problem irritate me no end. One is that these assailants attack the church and pretend to ignore its members (or talk of them as dupes). The two cannot be separated. An attack on the church is an attack on American Catholics. I and all the Catholics I know consider this so. The other irritation is that the "problem" is discussed everlastingly but no solutions offered. Where are the brave and correct solutions to the "Catholic Problem?" What is to be done with us? Are we to be deported, jailed or exterminated or will we simply be insulted, ridiculed and attacked ad infinitum?

Philadelphia, Pa. WM. FITZPATRICK, JR.

Funds to Fight McCarthy

● Thank you for directing me to Mr. J. E. Doyle. I have today mailed him a contribution of \$20 to be used by his Democratic Organizing Committee. I wish that I could have sent more. Let us hope that other *NR* readers will get the same idea. *Barto, Pa.* E. P. NIMMO

[The *New Republic* will be happy to furnish the names and addresses of those to whom funds can be sent directly in Wisconsin or will be glad to transmit any contribution sent in our care. — THE EDITORS]

Now Available

**ADLAI E.
STEVENSON**

A Statement of His Views

Reprints from the *New Republic*
of February 18, 1952

THE NEW REPUBLIC
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Dear Sir:

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"LOYALTY" AND HUMAN FREEDOM

THE ANGRY dark clouds of Harry S. Truman's loyalty inquisition are beginning to mount in intensity. Since 1947 the government of the United States has been increasingly preoccupied with probing the private thoughts and actions of its employees. This expensive and time-consuming effort has been marked by the unmasking of few if any truly disloyal persons. More significant have been the loyalty program's assault on individual liberties and its unprecedented disregard of the most elemental procedural safeguards. The evil progeny of this program is daily becoming more evident, forming permanent wounds in our national character.

Established ostensibly to preserve and protect the security of the nation, the Truman loyalty inquisition has been perverted into an attack on some of the basic freedoms guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. The right to think freely, the right to associate and assemble as one desires, the right to read, speak and write on controversial subjects, the right to have an inquiring mind and the right to be a liberal in political and social matters are becoming the targets of this program. The exercise of those rights is considered the equivalent of an act of disloyalty, or at least affords the basis for finding a reasonable doubt as to one's loyalty. The inevitable result has been either to drive out of the government the person with the free and independent mind or to grind his freedom and independence down into the gray mass of conformity and orthodoxy.

On the procedural side, the program has meant the destruction of the basic right of confrontation and the right to cross-examine adverse witnesses. Full and fair statements of the charges prior to hearing are rare. Protection against double jeopardy is unknown. Judgment is rendered against the accused without his ever seeing or knowing the record compiled about him by the FBI. Unsworn statements of unidentified informants are often given credence in preference to the sworn testimony of the accused or his witnesses.

The effect on the accused individuals has been more than devastating. The mere bringing of charges, however false and unwarranted, has left permanent psychological scars on many. The ordeal of the formal hearing, with its long series of insulting and insinuating

questions, has left more than one person a nervous and mental wreck. But the repercussions on the careers and reputations of those persons have been even more serious. Having been charged with disloyalty is often enough to blight one's chances for advancement within the government or for securing a non-governmental position. Security officers in federal agencies are more and more reluctant to approve the hiring of anyone who has been the subject of a loyalty hearing, however innocent he may have been. Indeed, the fact that one is cleared of disloyalty charges means little if anything in these hysterical times. Fear-laden supervisors and employers are afraid to take any risk by hiring such persons. (See, "So You're Having a Loyalty Hearing!" page 10.)

These effects have not been confined to employees of the federal government. The low example set by the Truman Administration has spawned counterparts in countless other governmental units and private organizations. State and municipal governments, corporations, labor unions, colleges and other groups have blossomed forth the last few years with a spate of loyalty oaths, loyalty probes and loyalty hearings. But the center of this cauldron of fear has been the federal government's loyalty program.

The responsibility for this loyalty phobia must fall squarely in the lap of President Truman. It was he who established the program in 1947 by promulgating an executive order. It is he who has given approval to the standards by which loyalty is said to be tested, standards which make possible the destruction of the freedoms to which Truman is dedicated. Hardly a week goes by without the Loyalty Review Board, the creature of Truman's executive order, announcing some new relaxation of what few procedural and substantive rules do exist for the protection of employees. A mere word or telephone call from the White House could bring about the changes which are necessary if any sanity or humaneness is to be left in the program. But to date the White House has remained silent in this respect.

Truman has made a bold and masterly attack upon the virus popularly known as McCarthyism. Yet every

syllable of that attack applies with equal, if not more, pertinence to his own loyalty program. All of the McCarthy techniques, such as character assassination, guilt by association and reiteration of proved falsehoods, are part and parcel of the program.

Most political leaders of the day are blind to the great evils hidden under the hysterical urge for security and loyalty. The few that are aware seem to find it politically inexpedient to speak out. And the reigning

majority of the Supreme Court has demonstrated the futility of expecting relief from the judiciary. It therefore remains for the President, who boasts that he does what he thinks is right regardless of what others say, to uproot all the unconstitutional and unjust factors which have made his loyalty program so inconsistent with the cause of human freedom. Failing that, the tree of American liberty will be in even greater danger of falling before the winds of fear and bigotry.

THE WEEK

FIRING THE VILLAIN

The explosive row between Attorney General J. Howard McGrath and special investigator Newbold Morris which ended in the firing of both men was the result of the impossible situation created by President Truman. To establish Morris as Special Assistant to the Attorney General, responsible to the principal government figure he was brought in to investigate, was a basic fallacy in administration. When Morris saw the contradictions in his position, he went over McGrath's head to the President personally. Truman agreed that it would be best to give Morris' staff quarters outside the Justice Department building and a greater semblance of independence of the Attorney General, but Truman either did not see or would not face the basic changes needed to allow Morris a free hand. McGrath, goaded by petty-minded assistants, proceeded to harass and obstruct Morris wherever possible.

Morris, because of Congressional revelations about his connection with the oil-tanker deals, was in a weakened position and unable to draw the support he was expected to muster. His own Republican party gave him no help at all. The GOP was and is determined to keep corruption alive as an issue, not to root it out.

McGrath, in steadfastly refusing to reveal anything at all about his private affairs, assumed a position to which no public official is entitled. The questionnaire drafted by Morris to disclose the financial position of federal office-

holders may have been poorly drawn or unnecessarily detailed, but the principle of disclosure upon which it was based is undeniably sound.

Now Truman has appointed another Attorney-General, the new investigator of corruption, who is neither a nationally recognized lawyer, nor a man of proved technical competence. James Patrick McGranery is a likeable Democratic politician of the breed generally favored for appointment by those in the White House circle like Matthew J. Connelly who have influenced Truman so much, but scarcely the man to direct a professional job of house-cleaning.

DECISION IN STEEL

As the *New Republic* goes to press, wage talks between the CIO Steelworkers and the major steel producers have abruptly broken off; a nationwide steel strike is now possibly under way. A bar to the strike would have been either an agreement by the industry to grant the pay increase recommended by the Wage Stabilization Board or government seizure of the mills to assure operations.

Two factors seem definite at press time: President Philip Murray and his Steelworkers will not take less than the WSB recommendation; and, Price Stabilizer Ellis Arnall will authorize no price relief beyond the \$2- to \$3-a-ton increase called for under the provisions of the Capehart Amendment to the Defense Production Act. In the event of seizure, it is expected that the full WSB recommended wage increase will be ordered for the workers.

TRIESTE AND MARXISM

Marshal Tito, when he spoke out on Trieste the other day, was in a bitter mood: "Now comrades," he told the Yugoslav parliament at one point, "I will read to you . . . what the London *Times* says on the subject. Excuse me if I am boring, but this must be known. This is what it says: 'Since the Yugoslavs are occupying Zone B of the Free Trieste Territory, there is no logical reason why the Italians should not occupy Zone A.' Can you imagine that? Yugoslavia, which was invaded, plundered and blood-soaked by the Italian Fascists, must be on the same footing with Italy when our just claims are concerned. . . . This is what one of the biggest newspapers of England says, and it says it at a time when in London they are bargaining behind our back without our participation. . . ."

The Marshal's speech was in answer to Italian demonstrations for implementation of the May, 1948, US-UK-French declaration in favor of restoration of the entire Trieste territory to Italy. At that time Tito was still a member of the Cominform, and Italy was about to hold crucial elections which were to determine whether she would stay in the Western camp. Since 1948, with Tito also becoming a vital ally, Western diplomats have been doing their best to duck the problem. But if in view of Italian pressure they thought now was the time to make Tito retreat, they were strongly disabused.

For of late the Marshal has been making it clear that while he is very happy to receive Western economic and

military aid, he will not give up an inch of Yugoslav soil or a page of what he considers to be true Marxist doctrine. For some time now the Belgrade government has been making seemingly contradictory gestures and announcements. On the one hand it has stopped the forced collectivization program, liberalized the legal code and talked about changing its parliament from a rubber-stamp group to one more nearly resembling the Western model which gives free play to discussion and controversy. These steps have pleased American observers, who have not hesitated to speak out publicly in criticism of the Titoist form of absolutism.

On the other hand, Yugoslav leaders have also been making it clear that they are no less hostile to bourgeois democracy than they ever were. Belgrade has recently avowed its intention to crack down hard on economic and political "opportunists." Tito has threatened to purge his party of 100,000 members, if necessary, to restore its Marxist militancy, and hinted that the process would be implemented out by the secret police. This threat has so far not been carried out, and is not likely to be, for even as he seeks to revert to his traditional political methods, Tito will have to remember that these are the methods of Stalin—the corrupter of true Marxism. For even more vital than proving his reliability to his benefactors in the West is Tito's compulsion to show his people that his Communism is different, somehow.

WANTED: A PRESIDENTIAL VETO

The Senate has again attempted to nullify three Supreme Court decisions granting the federal government paramount rights to oil and mineral leases in the submerged lands of the Continental Shelf. The National Association of Attorneys General, a "front" group for the big oil companies, successfully pressured the House-passed quit-claim bill, giving the states full rights to the rich oil reserves, through the Senate. In addition, the Senate defeated the proposal of Sen. Lister Hill (D, Ala.) to earmark federal revenues from off-shore oil for educational purposes.

The final passage of the quit-claim

bill came as no surprise to those who had been watching the week-long debate. Sen. Spessard Holland (D, Fla.), author of the substitute measure, had brought Walter Johnson, an \$18,000-a-year lobbyist for the National Association of Attorneys General, to the floor of the Senate for consultation during the debate. This unprecedented act was severely criticized by several members of the opposition. When Holland attempted to make an exception of Johnson by pointing out that the Association is "financed solely from public funds voluntarily contributed by the states to this committee," Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.) aptly observed:

The National Public Housing Conference, which represents public-housing officials all over the United States, is paid from public funds. Would we think for a moment of bringing one of its representatives onto the floor of the Senate when a public-housing bill was under consideration?

The Hill Amendment, described by Senator Holland as a proposal "to give away a very vital heritage of maritime states for a mess of educational potage," was defeated by a vote of 36 to 47.

Final passage of the Holland bill resulted when 26 Republicans joined 24 Democrats, mostly from Southern states, in favoring the measure and 24 Democrats and 11 Republicans opposed it. The measure was substituted for an Administration compromise bill, introduced by Sen. Joseph O'Mahoney, which would have given the Secretary of the Interior legislative machinery to develop the oil resources beyond the Continental Shelf for a period of five years. Because oil is vital to our national defense, Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman may decide to use his administrative power under the Federal Property & Administrative Services Act of 1949 to take over the oil and mineral leases which Congress has denied the federal government. There is an estimated 10 billion barrels of oil—one-third of the nation's reserves—in the submerged lands.

President Truman has repeatedly threatened to veto this measure as he did a similar "give-away" bill in 1946. Last February, New York City Mayor Vincent Impellitteri asked Truman to

clarify the question of US infringement on the state ownership of inland waters, including rivers, bays and harbors—a theory advanced by the oil lobby to arouse support from non-coastal states. President Truman replied that the Supreme Court decisions, as well as his own statements on the subject, support the view that the US has no claims to inland waters. "The theory that such rights are in controversy," the President wrote Mayor Impellitteri on February 14, "has been advanced to becloud the vital issues at stake in the efforts of certain states to continue to exploit for themselves the vast oil resources in the sea which belong to all the people of the nation." It would take two-thirds of the Senators present and voting to over-ride a veto, and it is doubtful that proponents of the "give-away" will be able to muster the necessary number of votes if there is a showdown.

KATYN AS A WEAPON

The solution of a mysterious mass murder case, involving 4,500 Polish Army officers who were slaughtered in a forest near Katyn, Poland, in 1940, has figured loudly in East-West relations during recent weeks. A US Congressional committee, holding hearings on the subject, somewhat impudently called on the Russian Embassy in Washington to provide defense spokesmen against a variety of American and Polish witnesses who have put the finger of blame on the Kremlin. The Russians curtly refused to appear, so the committee went ahead on its own to pile up convincing evidence of Soviet responsibility for the affair, which has been duly relayed to radio listeners in Eastern Europe. Then the Polish Embassy, in turn, issued a loudly denunciatory press release, for which it was sharply rebuked by our State Department.

Judging from the volume and tone of the Soviet and satellite counter-propaganda, the Katyn charges seem to have hit a soft spot in the Communist defense. Witnesses by the carloads have been brought before Polish and Russian radio stations to declare that the whole story is a Wall Street lie. The outcome of this psychological warfare battle will

not be known for some time, especially as the Russians have now retaliated by wildly charging the US with dropping germ-infected pork in an effort to murder the people of Manchuria.

Domestically, however, the Administration is in danger of having the Katyn story distorted by its political enemies. The Republicans have for some time been trying to win the Polish-American vote with charges that "Roosevelt sold Poland down the river at Yalta." Now their allies are at work trying to implicate the Administration in responsibility for the Katyn murders. Speaking recently over a Polish-American radio program in Massachusetts, former Ambassador Arthur Bliss Lane climaxed a discussion of the Katyn affair by declaring: "No wonder that President Truman has publicly stated that our foreign policy should not be brought into the coming Presidential election."

THE FRB v. GIANNINI

The decision of the Federal Reserve Board to break up the Giannini banking empire's Transamerica Corporation is another of those cases which the economists—not to speak of the lawyers who will fight it in the courts—will be arguing over for years. The split 3-to-2 vote, the involved political background of the case and the current academic trend to criticize the entire nature of recent trust-busting operations are likely to rally considerable support to the cause of old Amadeo Peter Giannini and his host of prosperous relatives and flunkies.

"A.P." probably had no idea he would one day be caught up in the new-fangled Clayton Act when he opened his small Bank of Italy in San Francisco in 1904. He concentrated on business. By 1917, he had 18 branches. By 1928 he owned 352 branch banks in California and had passed the \$1 billion mark in resources. In 1930, he opened branches in Oregon; in 1934, in Nevada; in 1936, in Washington State, and in 1937, in Arizona. By 1948, the Giannini string totaled 645 banks. Between them they held 57 percent of the bank loans in California, 47 percent of those in Oregon, 79 percent of those in Nevada, and 50 percent of those for the five Western states as a

whole. A bank cannot lawfully engage in interstate banking; however, Transamerica not being a bank itself, was able to. At the same time the control of Transamerica remained in the same hands as that of the major Giannini operating branch, the Bank of America. This was done by reducing the share of Bank of America stock held by Transamerica, but selling that stock not to outsiders but to the same individuals who also held the Transamerica stock. As a result the apparent decline of Transamerica's holding of Bank of America stock—from 99 percent in 1937 to 23 percent in 1948—was less than meaningful.

The Giannini empire was ruled tightly from the top. Of the 324 directorships in Transamerica majority-controlled banks, 249 contained clauses giving Transamerica an option for repurchase of the qualifying shares. It was aggressive. As one witness testified: "The reputation among the bankers of Northern California, unanimously is that they (Transamerica and the Bank of America) are out to acquire any bank that they can get." In its decision the FRB ruled that Giannini's ambitions had resulted in a lessening of competition in all the five states. Transamerica's acquisitions, it found, "have concentrated more economic power in one small group of men—perhaps only one man—than probably has ever happened before in the business life of the country." The FRB ordered Transamerica to divest itself of all banks except the central Bank of America and its branches.

MISER'S PROGRESS

The International Monetary Fund, long-convalescent offspring of the Bretton Woods Conference, is showing signs that it will after all make a fight for recovery. During recent years, while its sibling, the International Bank, joined with other world economic bodies to finance new development, the Fund has sat immobilized on its \$8 billions of resources.

Now the Fund has waked up to the fact that it must either do business or perish. A recent ruling by its Board of Governors liberalizes the conditions un-

der which member countries can borrow each other's currencies for periods of up to five years. Critics who note that the new ruling is itself still vague do not ask that the Fund give away its principal without regard for the free-trade principles on which it was established. But they see the basic issue to be whether a well-thought-out organization created during the optimistic Roosevelt period is viable enough to adapt itself to the challenge of another rearmament era.

ARMSTRONG GETS HIS WAY

Last Spring Texas millionaire George W. Armstrong, offered to give Piedmont College, a struggling North Georgia School of Congregational heritage, a regularly monthly gift of \$500. Seldom has so small an offer created so big a furor. Piedmont students demonstrated. Many alumni objected. College treasurer David Eddy and English teacher Hoyt Bowen were fired for protesting. President James E. Walter favored the gift, but the trustees were sharply divided.

Protesters publicized the record of this would-be benefactor. With his oil millions, Armstrong had been the patron of such neo-fascists as Gerald L. K. Smith, Emory Burke and R. H. Best. In 1947, he had spent over \$10,000 publishing anti-semitic tracts. In 1949, Armstrong had offered \$50 million to Jefferson Military College of Mississippi—then down to 47 cadets—on the condition that the institution would bar all Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, other Asiatics and unconverted Jews from admittance, and that the college would teach "constitutional government, our Christian religion and white supremacy." After some soul-searching, the trustees rejected the offer.

But this February the trustees of Piedmont, after heated debate, accepted the Armstrong gift by a substantial majority. Immediately Trustee Josephine Wilkins, former president of the Georgia League of Women Voters, resigned in protest. In a public letter, she showed the similarity between Armstrong's doctrines and those preached by Hitler and the Nazi state. In her words, "the gift was an opening wedge for attempts to warp educational integrity."

EUROPE LIKES IKE

EUROPEAN interest in American domestic politics is probably greater now than it has ever been before in modern history. Extraordinary attention is being paid in every Western European country to factual and interpretative material about the primary elections. Few books in any language have been given as much attention in the European press as *Mr. President*. And the speculation about whether and when General Eisenhower would go home has been most active.

Moreover, in addition to the printed material, Europeans actually talk about American politics, discuss it as though it directly affected them personally. And this is significant: the growth of apathy, indifference and fatalism about home politics has been one of the noticeable postwar developments in Europe; the intensity and the violence of political struggles have affected minorities, and the circulation of newspapers devoted to politics has declined steadily.

Some of the reasons for the unusual interest in American politics are fairly obvious. Among European democrats, there is the special reason that they too like Ike, and are torn between their desire to have him remain longer in Europe and their feeling that, though the job he is doing in Europe is important, the one at home may well be more important—for Europe. Their conception of the value of his presence in Europe, however, is not quite the same as the one that seems to prevail among his admirers in his own country. While he is wanted in America as a Republican, he is held in great esteem in Europe as a symbol of democracy; and since the practical reality of the various expressions of American Atlanticism in Europe is little more than a pale reflection of the rhetoric which Americans seem to accept as fact about them, the role of an effective symbol of American democracy is worth more than the military divisions that exist thus far only on paper.

Moreover, Truman's successor will, the Europeans believe, be both the reality

and the symbol of the final ending of what they call "the era of Roosevelt." As a matter of fact, one of the deeper reasons for the unusual interest both in the American election and in the role of Eisenhower—either in Europe or in America—stems from the realization that the end of the Roosevelt era in America seems to be coinciding with the end of a shorter-term Western European period that began at the end of the war.

Already, there is little left of the great expectations of the last of the Roosevelt and the first of the Truman years. The question is how far to the Right Western Europe will swing.

It is recognized that though Truman has professed to be the heir and continuer of the Roosevelt heritage, he has in fact presided over a comparable swing toward the Right. Nevertheless, from the European viewpoint, the crumbling away of the New Deal in America, through ineptitude, confusion and weakness of will and direction, is altogether different from the rush toward the Right associated with the presence in the White House of a man like MacArthur or Taft.

The Europeans who like Ike have no illusions about his opening a new era of social and economic reform. They know him as a conservative. Some even fear him as such. Yet they feel sure that he will not identify himself either with American imperialism or with American isolationism. Above all, though he is a military man, they consider him honest and sincere when he speaks about his desire to preserve the peace. What they fear about him is that, lacking practical political experience, he may come under the influence of dangerous men in the manner of Grant and Harding.

But whether or not he will make the kind of American President the world needs in the coming years, the view is widely held that it is unfortunate for Europe that he may have to leave now or soon. For he is definitely giving Europe what it needs in this period of quickening of the disintegration of the

postwar pattern. His prestige and the unavowed but nonetheless real fact that the neo-Fascists and reactionaries dare not go too fast and far, while he remains in Europe, stand against the quick triumph of European tendencies that are far worse than those represented by MacArthur and Taft.

When he leaves, the trend toward the Right will speed up. There will be an effort to present him—or any other new occupant of the White House—with political *faits accomplis*—with new patterns of the Right so firmly crystallized that the new President will find it easier to deal with them as they are than to try to unmake them. And if I can trust my own impressions of America—after only a fortnight here and on my first visit in more than three years—I should say that Americans are far too concerned with domestic affairs and too disinterested in the details of European politics to offer active opposition to the formation of the new European patterns.

Even Great Britain, the home and hearth of the Welfare State since the end of the war, is no exception to the general European rule that, as in the United States, an era is ending; and the trend is toward the Right. In Europe the dominant fact is that the weakness which has already shown itself in the democratic socialist forces is now spreading to the Christian Democratic forces. In France what is happening is the start of a struggle between the so-called "classical Right" and the Gaullist Right. The chances seem to lie with the old-fashioned reactionaries whose attitude toward the "social justice" current in the Gaullist movement is rather like that of the old-guard American Republicans toward the early Rooseveltian New Deal.

In Germany, Adenauer's Christian Democrats are in a cross-fire between the ultra-nationalistic Social Democrats and groups of veiled or open neo-Nazis and neo-Bismarckians. In Italy, the same contest is even more obvious.

If Eisenhower is back in America this summer, the winning Rights all over Europe will be more brazenly anti-democratic than they would have been if he had remained in Europe.

Washington

PERCY WINNER

SO YOU'RE HAVING A LOYALTY HEARING!

THE LOYALTY program of the federal government is fast becoming **by Eugene Gressman**

one of the darkest blots on the nation's history. Never before has the United States Government instituted such a sustained assault upon the freedoms which it was designed to preserve and protect. The program reflects, in a most vivid manner, the gross hysteria and fear which permeate the current desire for national security.

The most effective technique yet devised for undermining individual liberties in the name of national security has been the use of the "reasonable doubt" standard. That standard, with its long and honorable legal history, has been so tortured in its application to loyalty probes as to bear no resemblance to its original form. Its historic use has been as a defensive armor against governmental oppression. The architects of the loyalty inquisition, however, have twisted it into an offensive weapon that potentially or actually threatens the reputation and livelihood of every government employee. It is a dagger that can be thrust at any time into the exercise of freedoms that Americans have heretofore cherished.

The reasonable doubt standard was developed in courts of law in support of the fundamental Anglo-Saxon principle that a person accused of crime is presumed to be innocent until proved otherwise. And to prove otherwise the government has always been forced to show guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. If any reasonable doubt as to guilt remains at the end of his trial, the defendant is supposed to be found innocent.

But when a government employee or applicant is accused of disloyalty to the United States, an accusation akin to that of treason, he is not presumed to be innocent. The whole fabric of the loyalty program is woven with the presumption that the accused individual is disloyal until he proves otherwise. Overcoming that presumption requires that he, the individual, remove all reasonable doubts as to his loyalty. If any such doubts remain after he has entered his denials and submitted his evidence, he is discharged in disgrace. The burden is thus on him to demonstrate his loyalty, a burden which is flatly contrary to the most rudimentary concepts of due process.

To the uninitiated, about to have his loyalty tested by this reasonable doubt yardstick, it may be difficult

to appreciate the practical impact of such a perverted sense of justice. It is accordingly appropriate to offer a guided tour through this mysterious and dangerous land of reasonable doubt. So let us assume that you have entered the ostensibly pleasant atmosphere of your loyalty hearing room. You have heard the chairman of the panel politely explain that "to us an attitude of frankness would seem to be the most valuable thing you could adopt in order to establish confidence in your explanations." You have been told to feel at ease and to tell the panel "everything you feel is pertinent to the issues." You are now ready to undergo the ordeal of questioning, some of it routine, some of it searching and much of it insulting. These questions invariably will reveal the ugly, revolting nature of the reasonable doubt standard, characterized as it is by the following factors:

1. For so-called security reasons you probably will not have been supplied prior to the hearing with a full statement of the adverse information so carefully collected by the FBI. Thus the security of the nation is often found to be endangered by telling you in advance anything more than that you allegedly possessed Communist beliefs or associated with known Communist sympathizers over a period of many years. Once you have entered the hearing room, however, this great concern for security is promptly forgotten in large measure. You are now fair game for the panel members and their examiner in the sport of suddenly thrusting before you specific incidents and associations without prior notice or opportunity to refresh your memory and then asking detailed questions about them. Sometimes information is read to you directly from the FBI report, information which could just as easily have been supplied to you beforehand so that you could prepare a calm and accurate answer thereto.

But to give you advance warning as to all matters about which you will be called to account would probably destroy much of the zip and excitement of the hearing. Many panel members seem to delight in watching you writhe under the lash of the examiner as he suddenly jogs your faint memory of a long-forgotten incident occurring many years ago. As you vainly attempt to collect your wits and your memory under a barrage of questions, the panel members become increasingly impressed with your embarrassment. Obviously you have been cornered, with no adequate explanation of this seemingly subversive incident or association. Good

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and reasonable cause may thereby exist for doubting your loyalty to the United States. Giving you a chance to prepare yourself adequately before the hearing would eliminate all this exciting opportunity to find reasonable doubts as to your loyalty growing out of your surprise.

2. It is presumed that faulty memory on your part as to any significant portion of the adverse information, especially where you have had advance notice concerning it, is an indication that you are deliberately concealing facts tending to bear out that information. You may be razor-sharp in your recollection that when you were a college student you opposed the recognition of Soviet Russia. But when you show some hesitancy in recalling whether you attended a meeting of the American Youth Congress during that same period the panel members may well seize upon this lapse and attach to it the most sinister of connotations. Such a lapse can be a strand in weaving a web of reasonable doubt in their minds as to your loyalty.

Memory lapses, of course, are common occurrences in courts of law and are understandably recognized as such by judicial triers of fact. But a vigilant loyalty-board panel member knows better. He knows that spies and saboteurs, and perhaps you, frequently try to mask evil past events by the use of convenient memory lapses.

3. There is an implicit presumption that the informants and other sources of adverse information about you are trustworthy and truthful and that your denials of such adverse information are not to be believed. It matters not that these informants may be unknown and unidentifiable to the loyalty-board panel or that they advanced their stories without benefit of oath. It is enough that they gave information to the FBI, which vouched for them or labeled them as reliable. To overcome this presumption you must in some way undermine the weight and respect which loyalty boards are prone to give to such phantom-like purveyors of hearsay, gossip, semi-truths, isolated facts and falsehoods. Unless you can (a) guess the identification of the informants and give convincing explanations of their tale-bearing or (b) completely disprove the adverse information, a most difficult task where you must show that you did *not* attend a meeting or make a contribution 15 years ago, the panel members feel that they are left with the ultimate frustrating question: how to explain the discrepancy between your heated denial and the affirmative information springing from Confidential Informants T-1 and T-2, described by the FBI as reliable? It is not difficult to understand how panel members, overwhelmed by their passion to preserve the government from subversive influences, often resolve that

question by disbelieving your sworn testimony, your impressive affidavits and your host of witnesses.

In some instances, to be sure, the adverse informants are identified by the FBI and are thus known to the loyalty-board panel. But it is unlikely that you will be given these names and even less likely that you will be confronted by these individuals. You will appreciate the necessity of protecting such persons from the embarrassment you might inflict upon them were their identity known to you. Certainly you wouldn't want your friendship with them ruined. You might even threaten or intimidate them and bedevil their families. And if you were to know their names, they might well lose their value to the FBI in watching and reporting on other subversives like you.

4. The ready assumption is made, until you prove otherwise, that you have adopted as your own any and all views expressed in any publication which you admittedly have read and which is thought by the panel to be Communist, radical or left-wing. This assumption is apparent in the long series of questions that comes forth as to what you knew about the publication's reputation at the time you read it, why you bought or subscribed to or read it, what you remember about the contents, whether you agreed with those contents, and when and why you stopped reading the publication. You are not entitled to the benefit of any outworn notion that a man is free to read whatever he desires, whether he agrees with the author or not. Nor are you assumed to be sufficiently intelligent or patriotic to disregard or disbelieve any subversive doctrines that appear in the print before your eyes. On the contrary, dangerous ideas are presumed to be so attractive and compelling that you are powerless to resist them. That is, unless you can affirmatively prove otherwise.

5. Then there is a corollary assumption that if you have read respectable publications as well as subversive ones you have been completely unaffected by the former. Literature of the safe, obedient and sterile type, which is what you confine yourself to if you would avoid loyalty probers, is ironically assumed to be so unpalatable as to be incapable of offsetting anything you might have read in the *New Masses*.

6. It often happens that in the course of your life you have become acquainted with individuals who have been, or at least have been accused of being, Communists or Communist sympathizers or fellow-travelers. Their reputation as such may or may not have been known to you. In either event, however, there is a presumption that through exposure to these acquaintances, however slight the exposure, you contracted all their real and alleged views and sympathies. By some

strange process of human osmosis, you presumably acquired all their attitudes toward Karl Marx, isolationism and the German-Russian Pact. Birds of a feather, you know, flock together. Why should you have been introduced in 1941 to an individual who was subsequently accused of harboring Communist viewpoints on aid to the allies if, in fact, you did not share the same viewpoints? Or why should you have lived in an apartment next to one occupied by a known signer of the Stockholm Peace Petition if you were not disposed to sign at the first opportunity?

You must remember that you have been accused of being acquainted with a person accused of leaning in a Communist direction. Unless you can wash yourself completely clean of any ideological contact with him, you stand a good chance of being found contaminated.

7. In the same vein, it is presumed that you acquired and shared all the official dogmas and viewpoints of any organization of a questionable nature to which you once belonged. And if the organization was infiltrated or dominated by Communists, it is presumed that you gave at least mental aid and comfort to them. Hence the burden is on you affirmatively to demonstrate that you were so naïve that you didn't know the true nature of the group you joined, or that you promptly and openly disavowed your membership upon learning of its subversive character, or that you affirmatively and openly fought the radical elements, or that someone put you on the membership list without your knowledge or approval. Woe unto you if you merely say that you belonged to the organization, knowing or suspecting its Communist tinge, and simply not agreeing with the radical members or viewpoints. There is just not room in an unswervingly loyal bureaucracy for any past or present member of an organization who is merely independent of the known subversive influences therein. Any other conclusion, to borrow some words of the Loyalty Review Board, would "stretch the mantle of charity much too far."

8. You may also be called to task for belonging to an organization which at one time listed an individual with a radical reputation as an officer or sponsor. It may well be that the group was in all other ideological respects simon-pure. But one rotten apple can sometimes spoil the barrel. So it will be assumed, until you prove otherwise, that the influence of this radical character was so great that it pervaded the entire organization down to your lowly associate membership. And certainly you would not have applied for or maintained your membership had this individual not been a sponsor and had you not agreed with his left-wing philosophy. Or would you? That is for you to prove.

9. If, in the process of being candid and frank, you admit to the possession of certain liberal or libertarian beliefs which are often not shared by persons of more conservative bent, it may be presumed that your holding these beliefs demonstrates a disloyal strain in your make-up. Proclaiming your strong belief in the rights of organized labor, in the co-operative movement or in the securing of equal rights for all citizens regardless of race or color may well germinate a reasonable doubt as to your loyalty in the minds of the loyalty-board panel. So also may your honest opposition to the loyalty program, to Senator McCarthy, to anti-Semitism, to certain big business practices or to the prosecution of Communists for their political beliefs.

The sad fact is that loyalty to one's country is coming more and more to be equated, under the loyalty program, to anti-liberalism and anti-intellectualism. A person who does not conform to the orthodox, to the ideological pattern of the National Association of Manufacturers, is suspect. If he dares to have an inquisitive, independent mind, coupled with a desire to pursue the truth wherever it may lead, his loyalty is susceptible to doubt.

10. There is also a presumption that any views or contacts of a questionable nature which you once may have had are presently continuing their effect upon your loyalty. Disregarded is the evolutionary and changing nature of your mind and actions. It is up to you to demonstrate that your interest in socialism at the age of 19 was dissipated many years ago and that your early friendships with left-wingers have died natural deaths. It is cause for alarm if you ever were exposed or were receptive to dangerous ideas. But it is far worse if you cannot convincingly demonstrate that those ideas have been completely expunged from your mind and are now odious to you.

11. Finally, there is an obvious tendency to judge your past actions, views and associations in the light of the current political climate. You are held responsible for the hindsight which recent years have provided. The organization which you joined in 1935 may well have seemed respectable at that time. But if it was cited as subversive by the Attorney General in 1947, you will be held accountable for having indulged in a disloyal act in 1935.

Such are some of the more prominent ingredients that are being poured into the broth known as the reasonable doubt standard. Not all of them are used in each case, naturally. And there are other factors of equal unfairness that creep into some of the hearings. But this review indicates the low depths to which the reasonable doubt standard has descended.

No legitimate dispute can be had with the desire to protect the government from forces that would betray or destroy it. But when that desire degenerates in practice into an utter disregard of due process and fair play and places the indelible stamp of disloyalty upon some of the most necessary and desirable elements of the American way of life it is time for protest of a most vigorous nature. There is something wrong about a program wherein unsworn statements of unidentified informants are enough to force an accused individual to demonstrate affirmatively his loyalty to the United States. And there is something un-American as well as wrong about a probe where the individual must defend his right to study Marxism, or to read left-wing periodicals, or to proclaim his belief in non-segregated schools, or to associate with persons accused of radical sympathies.

The inevitable consequence of this assault on freedom has been to lower the morale and the caliber of the

government service. Few if any truly disloyal servants have been driven from the public payroll. The boom has been lowered primarily on those rare individuals who possess independence of mind, liberality of thought, incentive to study and observe some of the major controversial issues of our times, and an inclination to contribute to or join in some of the movements looking toward a better world. But as these characteristics become the hallmarks of a reasonable doubt as to one's loyalty to the United States they tend to disappear into the great void of mediocrity and conformity. In the eyes of the loyalty program the exercise of freedom has become a dangerous thing.

Indeed, the concept of loyalty itself has been forgotten in this drive on intellectualism and liberalism. Lost under the rubble of the Attorney General's lists and the confidential informants and the reasonable doubt standard is the human heart wherein beats one's true loyalty to the United States.

HOW MOBILIZATION FAILED

WHEN CHARLES E. WILSON dramatically made his exodus as the nation's

Mobilization Director, because he found that he was at odds with officials both above and below him in the steel-wage crisis, he told reporters: "I sincerely believe that the military production program is rolling and rolling pretty well. As a production man you would never hear me say it was perfect."

It was natural for Wilson to defend his record, especially at his "swan song" press conference. No such man would admit to failure. But a number of recognized experts are still roundly alarmed at the slow pace of the mobilization effort and are not sorry to see the former head of General Electric leave his mobilization post. Representative of this view is Robert R. Nathan, economist, lawyer and planning chief of the World War II production program. In a recent nationwide broadcast, he pulled no punches in discussing our mobilization effort:

Military production is inadequate. We are not producing enough fighting equipment. We are far behind schedule on military production. And we aren't doing enough to assure improvement in the months ahead. Not only have we failed to mobilize effectively but we have unnecessarily disrupted the civilian economy, especially small business. Only gross incompetence and mismanagement could have led to such a failure.

While Nathan's charges are frank almost to the point

by Harry Conn

of brutality, they can be well substantiated. Wilson is not leaving the mobilization program when it is "rolling pretty well" but rather at a period when it is in critical condition. We have lost time in military preparation which we did not have to lose. Many aspects of the program are moving ahead but the full and essential co-ordination paramount to its success has been missing. For this, Wilson must bear the brunt of the responsibility.

If the program were up to schedule, the nation should now be feeling its greatest impact. Wilson wrote the President, in his First Quarterly Report, "For the program as a whole the maximum production impact, as measured by requirements for raw materials, will occur early in 1952." He warned that steel, aluminum, lead, zinc and other materials would be in short supply. Consumer-goods production would have to be seriously curtailed. Now, in what was intended to be the impact period, we find many of the restrictions on these materials lifted, consumer-goods production at a high rate and warehouses, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, jammed with refrigerators and electrical appliances.

These facts are not so indicative of a vastly increased supply of critical materials, although supplies are up, as of the bald fact that the mobilization program is just not taking as large a bite out of total supplies as it would if it was up to proper speed.

Wilson has not only failed to meet his hazy schedules, but he has constantly revised his own schedules down-

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ward. The aircraft production program is an excellent example. In his First Quarterly Report he said that our goal was 50,000 aircraft a year, approximately 4,165 planes a month. Later this was revised to 1,800 planes a month and now is set at 1,250—a pretty modest objective compared with the 9,000 planes a month reached during the peak period of World War II.

It is in the combat zone of Korea that this lag is most critically felt. Shortages in certain types of ammunition and effective jet fighters have become critical. In the latter, we are probably now outnumbered by five to one. And reported production figures alarmingly show that the F-86 Sabre-jet fighter, the only such aircraft approaching the Russian-made MIGs encountered in Korean skies, is something like 70 percent behind schedule, with a reported grand total of only 30 to 40 being produced each month. All told, the Air Force had planned to write some \$16 billion in checks this fiscal year. Instead, it is spending at a \$12 billion rate.

"The boys in Korea are getting the short end of the stick," a Defense Department spokesman recently admitted to the *New Republic*.

In his recently issued Fifth Quarterly Report to the President, Wilson stated:

Production of jet aircraft, to take one example, is now one-third higher than it was three months ago. In March, one company alone turned out over 400 jet engines.

During 1952 the rate of jet aircraft production will be doubled. On one critically needed model, the December schedule called for 10 times as many as were produced a year before.

Of course security prevents the reporting of actual production figures. However, if fly-away jet-aircraft production is as low as believed, talk of doubling and tripling are meaningless words. And mentioning that 400 jet engines were produced in March by one company seems to be intentionally misleading. Specifically, jet-engine production has not been a major failure. The lack of properly co-ordinated production of all aircraft parts is where criminal neglect lies. Scarcity of electronics equipment, for example, has held back countless planes which otherwise might be completed.

While most of this may be due to faulty planning, some of it admittedly must be attributed to the almost insurmountable problems posed by modern war. A weapon is often obsolete long before it is perfected. This problem was recently described very clearly by Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett:

We are in the midst of a true ferment in both machines and methods of war, as a result of the amazing advances in

applied sciences and technology. We are shifting from piston engines to jets; from visual to radar; from certain types of artillery to rockets; from piloted aircraft to guided missiles and from World War II explosives to atomic warheads. This presents an enormous difficulty when you stop to consider that every time a purchase is made one of the elements which must be considered is whether or not the article is going to be made obsolete, or perhaps obsolescent at best, by newer weapons or devices now coming off experimental lines and undergoing service or firing tests.

The specific production problems entailed in building modern weapons of war, far over and above those of World War II, make us wonder whether Wilson and his associates were actually able to grasp them and incorporate them in planning. They set the schedules and now they tell us they can't meet them because of vastly greater "lead time" required today. This could logically have entered in the plan. A typical fighter in World War II, for example, required 41,880 direct engineering man-hours from the drawing board to its first flight while today's jet fighter requires 1,131,992 man-hours to perform the same process, or 27 times the World War II total. It is easy to see how smoothly the planning and scheduling must be co-ordinated to meet the task.

A conclusive picture of how lacking this essential planning has been in Wilson's mobilization is in the field of machine tools. An official of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft, for example, recently told a Senate committee headed by Sen. Blair Moody (D, Mich.) that his company required 547 machine tools in the first quarter of 1952, was promised delivery on only 288. All told P & W is short 4,088 machine tools required to meet agreed-to engine schedules. Similar reports of machine-tool shortages were made by officials of General Electric and General Motors.

Explanations for the lack of planning in this field were offered by a number of mobilization officials. Clay Bedford, Special Assistant to the Secretary of Defense, said he thought it was because the Defense Production Administration was about one-year late in recognizing the urgency. "The fact that we had a large stockpile of machine tools left over from World War II," Bedford said, "contributed to the feeling on the part of some of the agencies in Washington that the machine-tool bottleneck would not be as severe as the ones we suffered in previous wars."

Undersecretary of Air Roswell L. Gilpatric told the Moody committee:

I think a lot of the military logistics chiefs felt they would not need to rank different programs, that there would be enough tools and materials to go around for all the critical programs, and there was not a sufficient realization of the

requirements for order of precedence or an emergency schedule until the end of the summer.

When a priority system was finally established, Gilpatric said, it included only 12 out of 256 critical items, each of the services being given four top priority "slots" in the group of 12 "brickbat" items. To determine the priority of these slots, Gilpatric told the Senators, representatives of the three services tossed a coin. This episode was later denied by John D. Small, Chairman of the Munitions Board, but he did admit that scheduled deliveries are now from one to five months behind on some 8,300 machine tools needed for top priority defense programs.

Gilpatric also told the committee:

We would not have gotten this far had it not been for a lot of pressure from Charles E. Wilson, the Defense Mobilizer. . . . Right now the whole materials concentration is on the "brickbat" list, and unless something is done pretty quick, a number of critical programs, including the F-84, will not be in real production this year.

Other observers are inclined to assign Wilson much less of the credit and more of the responsibility. They feel he has had ample authority to force, not merely to pressure, military and civilian planners to draw up their exact requirements and submit careful schedules. Certainly we know that in the field of machine tools this had not been done.

To increase our industrial base, the mobilizers felt it was essential that "Certificates of Necessity" be issued to amortize the taxes on new plants to encourage new construction. To date, since Korea, almost \$16 billion in tax write-offs have been extended businesses in what has proved to be one of the wildest give-away operations in our history. Unquestionably, thousands of new plants are going up over the country at the taxpayers' expense that will not contribute to the defense program at all. In addition, the director of the Small Defense Plants Administration, Telford Taylor recently pointed out that only 10 percent of the value of the new facilities for which certificates have been issued have gone to firms of fewer than 500 employees, although firms of this size accounted for 42 percent of all the production workers employed in manufacturing in 1949. Even the National Association of Manufacturers' Government Contracts Committee, no particular defenders of the cause of small business, said that an "equitable percentage" for participation in defense production by these firms would be 54 percent. The flow of lush tax write-offs has lately been brought almost to a halt, but Charles Wilson and associates had already made their contribution to the concentration of business and monopoly power.

Another alarming fault in Wilson's mobilization policies is revealed in a recent report of the Munitions Board which shows that of the billions of dollars wrapped up in prime contracts the percentage placed with small concerns has been steadily decreasing. In fiscal 1950, the percentage of the total going to small manufacturers was 24.5; in fiscal 1951, 20.9; and in the first half of fiscal 1952, 19.7 percent.

Wilson has given some lip service to small business, but at times he has been very frank. Early in 1951, when Wilson appeared before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, Rep. Wright Patman, (D, Tex.) asked if he didn't believe that a Smaller War Plants Corporation such as operated in World War II would be able to help maintain small businesses and give them a better chance at defense orders. Wilson replied, "I should live so long to see that." Finally, under the amended Defense Production Act, Congress established the SWPA last October, fortunately not under Wilson but as an independent agency directly under the President. Its chairman, Telford Taylor, is now trying to crack some of the concentrations with relatively little success.

In the field of stabilization Wilson conducted himself as a representative of big business. He denounced and repudiated his own Wage Stabilization Board and then resigned because neither President Truman nor stabilization officials would let him undermine the very program which he was committed to support. He had sought to secure an outrageous \$10-to-\$12-a-ton increase in the ceiling price of steel to compensate for a recommended wage increase which the industry, under accepted price stabilization policy, should largely absorb.

So, when Wilson stepped out we can only hope that finis was written to an era, which began at the end of 1950, in which the most powerful elements of concentrated big business set out to remobilize the nation and, at the same time, fantastically extend their power in our economy. They did extend their power, but they did it largely at the expense of mobilization. Perhaps now we have learned the lesson that production geniuses of the business world can rarely overcome the obstacles of their special temperaments, interests and backgrounds to qualify as national planners in the atomic age. Most of the rare individuals who can qualify have been trained in this new art right at the planning tables.



HOW TAFT WAS SAVED

THANKS to Wisconsin, Senator Taft, as a Presidential candidate, is still alive and kicking. If he reaches the White House in 1952, Americans will have one man to praise or to blame.

He is Thomas E. Coleman, the powerful and domineering boss of the Wisconsin Republican Party. It was Boss Coleman who reached out last Tuesday, after Taft had gone down twice, once in New Hampshire and once in Minnesota, and pulled the Ohio Senator back into the Presidential boat.

Those who watched Taft's campaign in Wisconsin have no illusions that his capture of 24 of the 30 Republican delegates was any great tribute to the political magnetism of Mr. Republican. It was a tribute to the masterful skill and manipulation of a man who started out in politics as a hobby or with a grudge, and wound up as one of the most astute and powerful political bosses left on the American scene today.

The Taft campaign in Wisconsin was written, produced and directed by the Wisconsin boss from the day last year that a handful of party sycophants joined with him in dispatching a letter to the Ohio Senator inviting him to enter the Wisconsin primary. Taft accepted and responded by naming Coleman to serve as one of a Big Four to advise him on national strategy.

The machinery, which Coleman has built up so painstakingly in Wisconsin in recent years, was put into action. When Taft came into the state for his first campaign invasion he was swept up in a fast-moving, perfectly coordinated campaign which seemed sometimes to bewilder him, sometimes to please and sometimes to try his patience at the automatic role he was expected to play.

His campaign caravan, with its "chase" cars to clean up behind and its "advance" cars to straighten out last minute details ahead, moved with split-second timing. When he arrived at a meeting place, the capacity audience was waiting, testifying to the thorough work of Coleman's "Telewoman" corps, whose members have the job of sitting at their telephone until they have completed their assignments in the telephone directory. If there was a church sodality, or a farm co-op or a Boy Scout Pack meeting in the community, the Senator was whisked away from the principal meeting to drop in for a "surprise" call and a few words of greeting.

All this, of course, costs money, but money has not been scarce for Coleman for many years. He started out

by **Miles McMillin**

in the Republican organization as a money raiser, and he has kept firm grasp of the party's purse strings ever since. The Taft campaign could have struggled along with its own money bags in Wisconsin without help from Coleman, but the Boss knows that one of the surest ways to give his industrialist friends a stake in the brand of political democracy he promotes is to allow them to make investments. The preliminary reports show that they contributed and spent almost twice the combined amount reported by the Stassen and Warren forces.

It was the kind of a campaign that suited Coleman's talents. He early saw the possibilities of Stassen pulling anti-Taft votes away from the Warren-Eisenhower coalition slate, and he predicted that the split would assure a Taft victory. Taking advantage of the prominent role played in the Warren campaign by former Progressive Gov. Philip F. LaFollette he skillfully exploited the old LaFollette phobia among the regular Republicans. With editorial reprints from his captive newspapers and by other means, he warned that a vote for Warren was not a vote for Eisenhower at all but a vote for a return of the LaFollette dynasty. Loyal Republicans were told in one editorial that they could more effectively cast a vote for Eisenhower by voting for Stassen.

When the votes came in, they showed the results of his strategy. Although Taft received a minority of the Republican vote—100,000 less than the combined vote of Stassen and Warren—he carried all but six of the delegates. The Boss's predictions and strategy worked.

Coleman is not the typical political boss, in the image of Tom Pendergast or Frank Hague. His methods are more refined, and he is more refined. At 59, he looks like someone who just stepped out of a "man of distinction" advertisement. He is of medium height, thin, unjowled and handsome. His hair is a distinguished white. He is fair-skinned and thin-skinned when criticized. He likes to be called "Boss" but pretends that he doesn't. He is fond of the company of newspapermen, and when he visits Washington he frequently phones them and announces, "The Boss is in town. You'd better report."

He has discovered that unfriendly newspapers upset the smooth mechanism of his machine. The opposition of the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Madison Capital Times* has caused him no end of trouble and have helped to keep Milwaukee and Dane County free of his machine control.

Miles McMillin is a political reporter for the Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times.

Despite his suave and easy-going manner he is given to frequent moods of petulance and intense and long-lasting hatreds. There are many who believe that his hatred of the LaFollettes brought him into politics. Innumerable newspapermen have heard him tell the origin of his dislike for the family going back to the time when the LaFollette brothers and Coleman were children. According to Coleman, he and some of the other children would work building a winter slide on a Madison hillside and the LaFollette boys, Bob and Phil, would wait until it was finished and then come and use it. "They've been taking advantage of the result of other people's work all their lives," he complains. Phil LaFollette says he does not remember the incidents and does not even remember Coleman as a child.

Probably, the happiest experience in Coleman's political life was the night the 1946 election returns came in showing that Joseph R. McCarthy had defeated Sen. Robert M. LaFollette Jr. for the GOP primary nomination. He had taken a part in the progressive defeat of 1938, which ended the Progressive Party's rule in Wisconsin, but the 1946 victory was sweeter because Coleman by this time had risen to a position of unquestioned dominance in the Wisconsin Republican Party and had picked up McCarthy, an obscure circuit judge, to make the race against LaFollette. He felt the victory as personally as McCarthy did.

At the 1946 convention which endorsed McCarthy as the candidate against LaFollette who had chosen that year to seek reelection as a Republican, Coleman provided a significant insight into his general political philosophy. Ordinarily, Coleman is little interested in discussing philosophy and principles. He is concerned with power, organization and money. He was anxious that the state convention that year endorse candidates for statewide offices, a provision which he has since made mandatory by writing it into the constitution of the party. He wanted a united party with a big slush fund to fight the invasion of Senator LaFollette into the party. Speaking for the necessity of convention endorsement of candidates, Coleman said, "They [the voters] cannot know as we know who might be the men that can best represent our party as candidates and who can best serve as our public officials."

The quotation has been widely used by his opposition both within and without the Republican Party to show his contempt for the democratic processes.

Coleman has many times demonstrated his power in party. He put the organization behind Stassen in the 1948 Presidential primary and delivered 19 out of 28 delegates to him in a race against Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who has strong political appeal in Wisconsin, one of the several states of which he claims to be a "native son." Last year he demonstrated it again when he launched a move to oust popular Cyrus Phillip, Republican National Committeeman in Wisconsin. There was some speculation that he had bitten off more than he could chew, but when the delegates convened the ouster went off according to schedule. In 1946, he performed the remarkable feat of quietly reversing a convention endorsement in the middle of a campaign and turning the whole effort in a new direction.

Coleman's influence is being currently and tellingly felt in Wisconsin outside of the Taft campaign. He is standing staunchly by McCarthy, defending him against all charges. He disapproves, he says, of some of the tactics, such as the faked photo used in the Maryland campaign against Tydings, but insists that he has Joe's word that he had nothing to do with those things of which the Boss disapproves. Some of the tricks Joe used in Maryland are standard equipment in Coleman's Wisconsin campaigns. Coleman's persuasive efforts took Gov. Walter Kohler Jr. out of the field as a possible contender against Joe in the Republican primary this year.



Coleman feels that he has hit the big time in the Taft campaign. His friends around Wisconsin say that he is slated for the GOP National Chairmanship if Taft is the candidate—a spot which he could not very well be denied if it turns out that the Wisconsin primary succeeds in taking Taft off his face and putting him back on his feet. The MacArthur people, who got a little impatient with Coleman's attitude toward their hero in the recent campaign, charged that he has picked his spot in Taft's cabinet—Secretary of Commerce.

Wherever the Boss winds up ultimately, he is in his element in the Taft campaign—among the people who know how to squeeze a grudge until it pays.

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

CONSCIENCE AT THE ROOT

ROTTING HILL, by Wyndham Lewis (Regnery; \$3).

READERS OF George Orwell's 1984 have comforted themselves with the thought that it would be impossible to imagine any half-way stage between England as we have known it, and the cheerless dictatorship of the inhuman Party. That comfort Wyndham Lewis removes for us in his latest book: here is the dismal cartoon of an England half way to ruin, a cartoon drawn to the envenomed pattern of all our repressed distaste for recent changes (repressed because it is pointless to criticise the inevitable) and the bad temper that rises in us, at certain moments when some new regulation is introduced by the Welfare State; or yet one more once valued small luxury or privilege goes for good; or when in a moment of un-British failure of sympathy with the under-dog, our feelings permit a thought that the better judgment would doubtless reject. We wonder whether the virtual removal of an aristocracy and an upper-middle class who, however faultily, upheld certain moral and religious values, patronized, however misguided, literature, architecture and painting, to make way for a self-satisfied uneducated proletariat who spend the margin of the nation's wealth on dog-racing, television sets, cinema has been an unmixed good.

If an aristocratic society suddenly drops to pieces, after many centuries, and if a mercantile class of enormous power and wealth drops to pieces at the same time, there is inevitably a scene of universal wreckage and decay, as when demolition work is in progress.

Mr. Lewis has one of the most adult, intelligent, energetic and courageous minds in England today. This is a decade of timid political euphemism, calculated bureaucratic affability, and the perhaps unnecessarily guilty silence with which we watch a lower form of State culture and education rising to submerge that older way of life doomed

long ago by the loosing on the world of the Industrial Revolution; this No-man in an intellectual world so packed with the Yes-men of the semi-official organizations that are killing the conscience of the artist with kindness, is a lonely prophet, the energy of his genius whizzing in a vacuum like a piece of clockwork that is not geared in to the mechanism.

Mr. Lewis himself does not expect his prophetic rage to do any good (he is not, like D. H. Lawrence, a man with a message) other than the relief to the feelings and the intelligence:

Socialism is merely the name of something which is happening to us, something that could not otherwise than happen, in view of all historical factors present, above all the proliferation of mechanical techniques. If we refrain from looking upon it as a purely *political phenomenon* we shall understand it better.

He offers no solution; the two characters for whom he has a sort of qualified respect are both Church of England parsons, curiously enough: the "red" parson whose wildly unrealistic sympathies for the Great Russian Experiment are left over from his Oxford days in the Twenties; and the "reactionary" parson, fighting to keep open the village school, against the Welfare State's policy of taking the children off in buses to be educated *en masse* in the nearest town. Perhaps it is their poverty for the sake of an idea that he respects, or perhaps that they, like himself, are honest No-men in a society whose acquiescence seems almost unlimited. Wyndham Lewis is a just man who has tried to make his hate do good work; for "Now the sneaking serpent walks in mild humility. And the just man rages in the wilds where lions roam." Blake also says that the voice of honest indignation is the voice of God, which, if so is too often silent.

This is a very unequal book. Fragments of autobiographical fiction reflect some particular aspect of the Rot: the decline of the Church (at whose

door however Mr. Lewis lays the responsibility for the socialist creed, which, nevertheless, only becomes its disastrous worst when finally severed from the Christian religion upon whose conscience it is founded); the National Health service; the public-school men coming down in the world and the working-class students going up; the spectacle of education through art in the Elementary schools (Mr. Lewis blames himself as well as Herbert Read for this particular tragi-comedy); the deterioration of children's toys, nail-scissors, the "lardless, sugarless, eggless cakes of Great Britain 1949"; the workers who no longer deign to work; the modern mediaevalism (lest we should romanticise that section of the community that clings most tenaciously to the past) of a tooth-extraction in an inexpensive Catholic nursing-home.

Though not Wyndham Lewis at his best (*The Childermass* or *Tarr* are incomparably better books) but even at his worst, his savage description has all the force of a cartoon, and twice as much insight. "I am the possessor of a tough eye. It does not soften what it sees: it hands me everything, like an untouched photograph."

What is Wyndham Lewis' own political position? He reacts to the rot with the properly complex attitude of a member of the English educated classes, far too intelligent to be partisan; liberal but for the fact that nineteenth century liberalism made possible twentieth century state socialism; respecting religious rigidity in dogma as the only means of conserving certain ideas, yet believing in political freedom in the old Parliamentary sense; conservative perhaps but for the realization that it is the past that has made the present and the future inevitable. He speaks with the voice of the conscientiously repressed but vehement disgust with which we have seen, in one generation, the collapse of English culture before what Nostradamus calls the Vulgar Advent.

KATHLEEN RAINÉ

HUMANITIES NEED MONEY

THE STORY OF THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION, by Raymond B. Fosdick (Harper; \$4.50); FUNDS AND FOUNDATIONS, by Abraham Flexner (Harper; \$2.75).

ODD AS IT MAY sound to hard-pressed wayfaring citizens, the giving away of money is already one of the great American "industries" and all signs point to a vast expansion of it in the immediate future, especially as more and more businesses heed Beardsley Ruml's plea that five percent of profits before taxes be set aside for welfare and educational donations. The industry began to grow around 1900; ordinarily its disbursing agencies are called foundations, funds or memorials. The essential fact is that all, or a portion, of an individual's or corporation's income, or income-producing assets, is set aside for what is loosely called a philanthropic purpose. The purpose may be specific, like cancer research, or general, like the welfare of mankind.

The governing of the funds is usually placed in the hands of men and women who, often with some exaggeration, are called distinguished public figures; but the actual work of disbursement is carried out by persons of lesser social prestige who recommend what is to be done. The recommendations are formulated within confines of a charter, or other document of compelling authority, in harmony with a general policy in some part—and often ingeniously—deduced from that charter, as a result of the pulling and hauling between those who apply for grants and exert influence, and those who make or withhold them. The giving away of money, then, leads to the creation of bureaucracies of greater or lesser flexibility. As with all bureaucracies, everything turns upon the quality of the personnel. Persons who have developed a dislike for foundations often refer disrespectfully to the personnel as "the fat boys" and recall Sinclair Lewis's assaults on them with malicious pleasure. But many others while regretting "the fat boys" (who, alas, do exist) contend that the foundation bureaucrats do a reasonably good job with a difficult task.

Strangely enough, considering all the

foundation activity in this country, there is but a meagre record of it easily accessible to general readers. (I assume that general readers do not tackle annual reports). Mr. Fosdick's book on the Rockefeller Foundation is, therefore, a work of the first importance and in kind almost unique. Robert Lester's *Forty Years of Carnegie Giving* (1941) was much less vivid, though useful, volume. Yet Mr. Fosdick's book is written by an ex-president of the foundation, and naturally lacks some of the evaluative edge that an informed outsider might have given the story. An objective attitude is that taken by Abraham Flexner's *Funds and Foundations*. Mr. Flexner comes as near to being a professionally trained critic of foundations as we now have and, aside from the contributions of E. R. Embree and E. C. Lindeman in years past, his essays stand almost alone in the field.

This lack of enlightened criticism is to be deplored; for not only is giving away money a great and growing industry, but it is one that must have a good deal of this informed criticism. Attention can legitimately be given both to its ends and its means. Where, at this moment in history, should the foundations concentrate? Should they emphasize the physical sciences (as they seem mostly to have done in the past), the social sciences, or the humanities? Mr. Fosdick shows how the Rockefeller Foundation has edged over from the physical sciences, where it started, to the social sciences, and to the humanities. Mr. Flexner's volume ends on a plea for greater attention to the humanities. Today far more money is granted to the physical sciences—not only in this country but in every other as well—than to the social sciences or to the humanities; and whereas, in the United States, England and France, some of the social sciences, notably economics, are gaining increasing attention, the humanities everywhere are neglected. This orientation of funds bodes ill for the future. It seems definitely founded in a shockingly inadequate and inaccurate diagnosis of man's predicament today. There is something wrong with the allocation of the financial resources for cultural activities; and, just as in an

expanding industry a maldistribution of capital can cause infinite trouble, so in the peculiar industry of granting money a too intense focus in a limited number of directions can cause a dangerous cultural disbalance.

The Fosdick and Flexner books, interesting and valuable in themselves, do little more than scratch the surface of the highly complex economics of culture, the context in which all philanthropic institutions should be viewed and almost never are.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

OF THIS EMERALD ISLE

A LAND, by Jacquetta Hawkes (Random House; \$3.75).

THIS IS A BOOK of strange mixture: of reverie, of devotion and of science. Jacquetta Hawkes, younger daughter of the noted biochemist Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, is both a poet and an archaeologist. She has excavated at sites in England and has published technical papers and a monograph on her specialty. Here she has written an essay "to celebrate the creation of Britain and in so doing tacitly to express a love for the result." It is the story of how the land was made, from the earliest ages when the "granite froth formed the first land masses of the word," when the trilobites were the "aristocrats of life," when all of Britain lay below the water and the great continent named Gondwanaland united South America, Africa, Arabia, India and Australia. It is a synoptic, finely written essay in which a rich imagination plays freely and lovingly among the facts of many disciplines—prehistoric archaeology, evolutionary biology, geology, anthropology, architecture, technology.

The story has been told before but the special merit of Mrs. Hawkes' book is its remarkable re-creation of past scenes and landscapes, its attempt to "re-awaken" the memory of our origins. The principal actors of her tale are the ancient rocks from which the thin wafer of the islands was formed. The land is made in violence; the earth's crust is itself as restless as the sea. Rocks are crushed, bent, broken and suffer tremen-

dous heat. Mountains are thrown up as easily as bubbles in the scum on molten metal. Great valleys and basins are formed by the folding and buckling of the crust as it yields to pressure. Long intervals of "passivity" and silence are "convulsed by erupting volcanoes and by the rending and falling of vast masses of rock." Lands emerge suddenly into light and are as suddenly drawn back into the ocean abyss. The land is made also by more modest process. Mountains thrust up in explosive upheavals are gradually worn down by the patient wind. Landscape and shoreline are eroded by wind and water. Yet, grain by grain new rocks are formed on the sea bottom, new land is built out of the rubbish of the old.

From the time the first creatures abandoned the sea, life and land evolved together. Thenceforth they shared good fortune and cataclysm. An unending interplay began between rocks and organisms. Insects, birds, reptiles, mammals, adapted themselves to what the land could afford. Its valleys, caves, meadows, mountains, forests and rivers; its sands, granites, clays, gravels and shales were their home and habit. Until man evolved, no species could be said to have mastered the land though all had learned to use it. It was left to him to change its features, to improve and despoil it, to use it more wisely, more wickedly, more foolishly than any of his ancestors.

The theme to which Mrs. Hawkes repeatedly reverts is the unity of past and present, "of mind and matter." Consciousness has not only the power to recapture, but the duty to go in quest of its origins. She recounts her personal sense of identification with the past:

When, as a very small child, I was playing with a horsetail that had been growing as a weed in one of our flower beds, dismantling it section by section like a constructional toy, I remember how my father told me it was one of the oldest plants on earth, and I experienced a curious confusion of time. I was holding the oldest plant in my hand, and so I, too, was old.

In sculpture, painting and stone masonry; in the foundation stones and vaulted roofs of the great cathedrals; in

the medieval colleges, abbeys and chapels; in the superbly cut and seasoned Portland stone of St. Paul's (made of "milliards of oolites which had once rolled softly on the sea floor"); in the Wessex farms of sarsen, chalk and straw; in the "decaying face" of the Parliament building, whose materials were selected by an ignorant and pinchpenny 19th century Royal Commission: in these structures and monuments Mrs. Hawkes reads the fossil past, the consciousness of the Palaeozoic and Mesozoic ages, the awareness—and as in recent periods—the costly disregard, of the creative bond between the land and its people.

A Land is a moving and fascinating study book, yet it is not equally persuasive in dealing with its several themes. It is apt to lose itself in charming but wayward spirals of discursiveness. Its sociological reflections are often immature and curiously banal. Mrs. Hawkes sees, I suspect, rocks and reptiles more clearly than men, the Jurassic or the Cambrian ages more imaginatively, certainly less harshly, than our own. But her power to confer immediacy and aliveness on the land and life of the distant past is almost uncanny. One or two examples may be permitted.

Diplodocus was ninety feet long and had a brain the size of a small kitten's; nevertheless the brain was there in the heavy skull and, helped out by a smaller nerve center above the hips, controlled the vast straggling nervous system. The toed feet could feel the ground, be aware of the different texture of sand, wet stone or slime as they waded into the water. The lidless eyes as they swung at the end of a neck as long as a crane recorded bright, meaningless pictures of lagoons and fern trees. The nose, too, was sensitive, and made its own arrangement of the smells coming from mud, from crushed vegetation and from animals dead and living.

And from her thoughts on the Falkstone chalks, built for thirty million years by the sea, layer by layer, at the rate of one foot in thirty thousand years—

If enjoying the sun, a child leans against the cliff at Falkstone, his small figure will span the accumulation of one hundred and twenty thousand years. And yet, knowing this, still my imagination will so speed up the process that I see it as a marine snowstorm, the falling of

flakes through one of the clearest seas ever known. . . [It is chalk] so pure that hardly any refinement is necessary to make those white fingers which teachers use for their blackboard demonstrations, and which turn into the clouds of white dust so characteristic of the lower forms of scholastic life. JAMES R. NEWMAN

BUT NO TRANSFORMATION

LET IT COME DOWN, by Paul Bowles
(Random House; \$3.50).

LIKE HIS PREVIOUS novel, *The Sheltering Sky*, and many of the short stories in *The Delicate Prey*, the scene of Paul Bowles' second novel is set primarily in Morocco, is written in the same lucid and laconic style, and contains its quota of shocking episodes and acts of violence. Nelson Dyer, tired of his job as a minor bank teller in New York, accepts an undefined position in a traveling agency in Morocco run by a former friend. There he makes love in a brothel to an Arabian prostitute of fifteen while her American lesbian lover listens to them; makes love to the Marquesa de Valverde under the influence of hashish amid a mess of overturned food; watches a masochistic sword dancer in an Arabian hashish den lacerate his arms and legs in an ecstatic orgy; accepts money from a Russian agent to act as spy against the American government; absconds with a large sum of money from his employer who turns out to be a black market smuggler of currency; and with the aid of an Arabian acquaintance crosses the Strait of Gibraltar to Spain. There, in their hideaway, he drives a nail through the ear and into the brain of his sleeping accomplice.

A synopsis of plot is, of course, no true indication of the quality which a work may prove. Most modern novelists have used violence or shock as metaphors to give tension to their theme or to heighten its meaning. But in Paul Bowles we find violence without transformation, shock without recognition. When Dyer is asked by the Marquesa to say what he wants most in life, he answers: "I want to feel alive." Later the Marquesa comments that we live "in an age of monsters; we are all dead, and we want to feel alive." And just as

banally, the author remarks that, "Living meant first of all knowing one was alive, and life without that certainty was no life at all. In the meantime we eat." A theme stated so bluntly, so much the cliché of the modern exacerbated intellectual, demands complexity of character delineation to give force to the meaning, and some insight either of implication or exposition to give it depth. The book falls apart because there is a vast chasm between the characters and what they embody, between the author and the development of his theme. Life corroded by thought, in an existentialist sense of the phrase, as Bowles must use it, cannot be presented by characters of such shallow excitement, by so many acts of little or no consequence, by such poverty of motivation. Exactly this lack of illuminating thought to penetrate an existence "muddled by the discovery of thought" is what this work fundamentally lacks, and for this reason the chief symbolic act in the novel—the driving of a nail through the ear and into the brain—does not go beyond its surface violence into any depth of implication which may disturb our equilibrium and bring us by a violence of transformation into the shock of recognition. Whatever reader is not titilated by the tensile excitements is outraged by surreptitious violence, and ultimately bored by it. And when the author wishes to persuade us that the lacerated dancer was "dancing to purify all who watched," he annoys us by utilizing a scene so crudely, and by making a point so cheaply of what we know to be psychologically true. There is no catharsis, but simply an evacuation. The book is as empty of meaning as the characters are empty of life.

It is difficult to believe that Paul Bowles has any serious respect for the craft and responsibilities of the novel he essays. Both *The Sheltering Sky* and *Let It Come Down* are formless in construction. In both, the first two-thirds of the story are filled with repetitious detail, local Arab color, characters and scenes which have little or no relation to the theme. Worst of all, the main characters are badly motivated in thought or action. If the point to be made is the

essential pointlessness of life, it should be made with point structurally and thematically. Not only because of his emphasis on sex and shock, his cunning use of themes at once profound and superficial, but also because he writes with a clarity that is without insight, a vividness that is not alive, a seductiveness without sensuousity, and a calculation without summary, Paul Bowles either wishes to become, or is in danger of becoming, the intelligentsia's dime novelist.

KIMON FRIAR

Mr. Friar, critic, editor and translator, is translating the modern Greek poets.

SELLER OF SOULS

DUVEEN, by S. N. Behrman (Random House; \$3.50).

THIS PROFILE-BIOGRAPHY might have been called *Duveen Millions*, for just as a certain Venetian was nicknamed Marco Millions because of the millions of ducats that he constantly alluded to, Behrman's book mentions nothing so much as the millions of dollars Duveen handled, acquired, spent or dreamed about. This is a book about money by way of art: indeed, it often sounds like a cheerful treatise on salesmanship. This may be entirely natural for Duveen was an art dealer—"the most spectacular of all time."

It is a witty book. ("Duveen's clients not only did not like mothers [in paintings] but were apathetic toward fat women. This created a coolness between them and Rubens"). It is also a glamorous book, in a way, for it combines elements of an Horatio Alger success story with that sheen of latter-day awe in regard to wealth; wonder in regard to art and a faint trace of mockery toward all. Behrman is not easily taken in: "It has been said of one of the biggest of Duveen's customers," Behrman remarks, "that he got more pleasure out of haggling with Duveen over a picture's price than he did out of owning it." Nowhere in the book is it ever made clear whether Duveen or his clients had any real understanding or feeling for art as such: only that they had a lot of fun dealing with it. Yet, despite this, one has a sense of Behrman's admiration and even envy for Duveen and his world.

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS



Duveen

By S. N. BEHRMAN. The astonishing career of the most spectacular art dealer of all time. "Riotous good fun."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*. "The most diverting book of the season."—*Saturday Review*. \$3.50

Back of Town

By MARITTA WOLFF. "A love story without any love in it—only sex and passion and folly. It would be a jaded reader indeed not engrossed by this story of one man and the three strange women in his life."—*N.Y. Times*. \$3.50

Great Voices of the Reformation

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Behrman is a skeptical hero-worshiper.

His book has a certain social-historical value. It is sure to become a favorite topic of conversation not as a piece of literature but as the subject of rich gossip and debate. As Behrman's narrative moves with almost too constant blithe speed over the many anecdotes of Duveen's career (with an affectionate and almost humble sideglance in the direction of Duveen's mentor, Bernard Berenson) one is left a convenient margin for speculation. Many essential questions are left unanswered, most of them are not even asked. Behrman suggests perceptively that the millionaires who spent fabulous sums on paintings and other *objets d'art* ("useless" things after all) were generally men of lowly origin and were seeking distinction and perhaps even a kind of immortality through their traffic with the masterpieces. These men hoped that some of the nobility of these works would somehow rub off on them. They paid high prices to make sure that they were reaching the summits—getting the best. Thus one is free to scorn or pity these people as one chooses. "They were all dressed up, but they really had no place to go," Behrman points out.

This gives the book an intelligently modern and liberal tone. But the relish of the telling makes it evident that what Behrman, like the majority of his readers, enjoys most is the splendor, confidence, ease, largesse, craziness and gay confusion of the Duveen story and epoch as a spectacle with almost secretly nostalgic overtones. And, in that, I believe, we may find the book's ultimate meaning—a reflection of our times as much as of Duveen's, as well as a clue to its author's charmingly complex personality.

HAROLD CLURMAN

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MAN AND HIS GODS, by Homer W. Smith (Little, Brown; \$5).

Professor Smith, like Sir James Frazer before him, is a man whose main professional work is outside the field of comparative religion. Anthropologists and dedicated students of the field frequently resent the intrusion of brilliant laymen, and it is always embarrassing when one establishes himself as an

authority. His book is a brilliant exposition of knowledge and attitudes which have been current for fifty years, although, so far as I can see, Mr. Smith has contributed no new ideas to the study of religious practices.

He traces the Greek-Jewish-Christian religious experience (which he dislikes) to Egyptian and Mesopotamian sources, demonstrating relationships between ancient faith and recent dogma. The main value of the book is its detailed information, some of which is omitted in such popular studies as Reinach's *Orpheus* and the abridged *Golden Bough* of Frazer's. R.E.

GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT, by Louis Kronenberger (Viking; \$3).

Someone has called this the novel Richard Brinsley Sheridan might have written had he lived to be two hundred and had become dramatic critic of *Time*. It is not quite true, for Sheridan had a very firm point-of-view about most of his fellow men: he thought they were hypocritical heels. Mr. Kronenberger seems to have no point-of-view at all; hence, his epigrammatic virtuosity and elegant adaptation of eighteenth century comedy are oddly foiled. His dialogue bristles with shiny speech, but it does not castigate; and the multi-billionaire who collects people, and the French adventuress who tries to collect him, do not have any further or more fundamental reference than their own dapper, shallow, though personable, selves. R. P.

ON CAPOTE'S GRASS HARP

by Eric Bentley

AT FIRST BLUSH Mr. Capote's play is simply ridiculous: it is about living in trees; but it is saved from the ridiculous by the trite when, late in the evening, the conclusion is announced: "We can't live in trees, maybe some of us would like to, but none of us can."

It is true that the arboreal fable of *The Grass Harp* is meant to symbolize an escape from humdrum reality, that Mr. Capote's real theme is the search for one's real self, and that such a theme is not to be stigmatized as trite merely because it is traditional. It has the effect of triteness in this play because it is in

no way rendered active by Mr. Capote's art: when he has finished it still belongs to tradition, he has in no way made it his own. When his people speak we hear only other voices echoing in other rooms. On occasion this may be partly blamed on the actors. In the large part of the bad but subsequently repentant sister, Miss Ruth Nelson, makes Mr. Capote's spreadeagle prose sound even more awkward than it need; as the Wise Southern Judge, Russell Collins adds an actor's unctuousness to an author's. Yet the one performer who contrives to remain real (by remaining herself) is forced to call attention to ham writing by making us feel she only speaks *those* lines because she has to. This is Mildred Natwick, without whom the play would have no adult existence.

The triteness is in the conclusions and at the core; in the premises and at the periphery all is ridiculous. Since the ridiculous is acceptable when it is funny and unpretentious, one can readily accept such minor characters as (in order of merit) Buster the goldfish; the daft, if somewhat overacted, barber of Mr. Sterling Holloway; the headlong cosmetician of Miss Alice Pearce; and several other villagers who might be described as by Robert Lewis *out of* Charlie Chaplin. On the level of wise-cracking Broadway farce—on which the large part of the servant, acted by Georgia Burke, is played—Mr. Capote reveals a surprising talent.

If only he would stay on that level! Instead he follows what seems to be the dominant contemporary "school" of theatre in pursuing the ridiculous high into the intense inane. Negatively described, this school is the latest revulsion against realism. Positively, it is usually presented as a rebirth of poetic drama or at least as an assertion of charm and theatricality over brute facts. Disparate authors come together to produce a somewhat coherent total result. Here the Eliot of *The Cocktail Party* joins hands with the Huxley of *The Gioconda Smile* to relieve the rich of sexual guilt by belief in a higher reality. Eliot and Huxley keep the framework of the drawing-room play; Anouilh and Fry, even when they present a drawing-room, make sure that the place is filled

with the fauna of a rococo fancy even if it is not actually decked with the flora of the new stage design. The new school in stage design is the counterpart of the new school in dramaturgy: fancy, effeminate, lush, and in the best of taste. The father of the school is the late Christian Bérard. He was a great designer but a highly specialized one. His specialty was costumes, so much so that his sets appeared to be costumes for the stage itself: the stage was a lovely woman.

The Grass Harp has sets by Cecil Beaton, the English Bérard, who is quite literally a costumier turned stage designer. His work dominates the evening at the Martin Beck largely because it is content to be what it is. It "is" the new style. It is what Mr. Capote and, I should judge, Mr. Robert Lewis aspire to and only partially, ambiguously, half-heartedly achieve. For example: there is nothing of the spirit of the South in Mr. Beaton's work, and why should there be? Art is a holiday, is itself, is silk shawls and luscious colors, is upholstery. Mr. Beaton is happy in the realm that I have called the ridiculous; he does not need the trite. But Mr. Capote has to use words, can't get by with color and form, can't help being involved with life even if he is incapable of shaping it. It is almost as if he started with a realistic play and later tried to transform it into a fantasy. In combination the realistic and fantastic elements became the trite and the ridiculous, respectively.

Mr. Lewis is one of the finest talents in our theatre. Had he hewed to either line, realistic or fantastic, he might possibly have made something of Mr. Capote's play. As it is, the directing is non-committal and unsure without being discreet or unobtrusive. Mr. Lewis tries to cover up the ambiguity of the play, or his own ambiguous feelings about it, with apparatus: the Beaton costumes and decor, Virgil Thomson's music, and his own directorial gimmicks. Of the gimmicks the most showy and fatuous is the shining of flashlights in Miss Nelson's face when she wishes to make a pronouncement to the tree-dwellers; a shot is fired, everyone wonders who is hit, and the flashlights pick out the

wounded man with magical unanimity. One could perhaps put up with this sort of thing had not the simpler scenes been so neglected by comparison. The opening and closing scenes of the play could never be convincing, but they might have been interesting had Mr. Lewis helped the actors to bring a reality from themselves which the author had not managed to give them in his script. At present, the domestic scenes are as wooden as the table which they revolve around. Where something human might have been shaped and defined, Mr. Lewis fled into triviality and ostentation.

Admittedly no one would wish to banish triviality from the theatre, its traditional home. Ostentation, too, is of the theatrical essence. What one protests against in the trivial, ostentatious work is its pretentiousness. The reason why *The Grass Harp* is so far out of tune is more fundamental. It is *decadent*—not, it is true, in the life depicted but in the spirit of the depiction.

Although in *The Grass Harp* there is none of the scandalous subject-matter for which writers like Mr. Capote are known, and we are, on the contrary, in the company of virginal old ladies, innocent schoolgirls, and wistful widowers, this author's interest in innocence seems more extravagant than his interest in vice. Here is a form of sentimentality which is simply the reverse side of unpleasant sophistication. It has all the defects of pure sentimentality plus those of sentimentality gone rancid. Ostensibly we are presented with simplicity yet everything is slightly off—off color, off center, off key.

Why should all the organization, expenditure, work and talent that go to the making of such a show stop short of creating a living work of art, or even a few living moments? Deliberate charlatanism will perhaps partly account for it, yet in the end I would withdraw such a charge, not out of generosity, but because the failure seems to me to be more desperate and involuntary. It is a failure to be sincere, to be human. Not intentionally or accidentally, but of its very nature, such work is negative, vacuous and contraceptive.

Mr. Bentley, critic, director, author of many books on the drama, begins his dramatic criticism for the New Republic.

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